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The Moment



basketball

17 0 2

Chapter 1 by Hyperchipmunk

Everyone knows the feeling. When everything goes your way. The moment when you are playing the sport you love, and it happens. You make a last-second shot, score an overtime goal, knock the opponent out. The things that define us. The things that define a legacy.

Mine was not like most the others. Jordan's free throw dunk. The Red Sox comeback series over the Yankees to stop the curse. Mine was on a different scale. To some it may be irrelevant, but to others it means the world.

I was born with the defect. Growing up had always been a pain. I had a defect where I was not able to control my hand at certain moments. Alien hand syndrome is what they call it. When I was littler, I couldn't stop it. I would hit people. Hurt myself.

But now its all different.

I can control it. And I can use it to my advantage. Especially while competing in basketball. This is my moment, where I learn control. I finally overcame an obstacle. This is my story.

And it began two weeks ago, at our first home game.

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